

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERB OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

CECILIA AND CHARLES; AN AMERICAN TALE.

In the town of Montpelier in Vermont, there lived, shortly after the Revolution which so happily established our independence, a gentleman of the name of Raymond. He had been bred to the profession of the law; but receiving, by inheritance more than sufficient for his maintenance in ease and tranquillity, he rarely devoted himself to professional avocations, applying his mind to the study of philosophy and letters. Thus avoiding active and busy pursuits, he enjoyed in lettered retirement, and in the bosom of his family, all the happiness that an individual of intellectual refinement and independence of fortune can expect.

Mr. Raymond had, amongst other children, a daughter named Cecilia; to whose education he had early devoted himself with care and solicitude. Her mind was of no common character. She was acute and intelligent; a girl of an exquisite sensibility; and had a delicate relish of the beauties of the picturesque in nature. Her disposition was sweet; and whoever was so fortunate as to be acquainted with Cecilia Raymond would esteem and love her. Formed as we have just described her, she repaid the culture of her father with improvement in every branch of polite education. She was versed in the most admired of the living languages, and became familiar with the literature of the countries where those languages prevailed. She was fond to enthusiasm of the works of the poets, and her father early instructed her in the truths of philosophy. She wielded the pencil with uncommon judgment and taste; and she would strike the keys of the piano forte with admirable skill.

Cecilia took no pleasure in the common recreations of girls; but, ardent, imaginative, and musing, she loved to ramble over the hills and saunter through the shades of the wood. She would loiter on some favourite eminence, and contemplate the face of nature, animated by the glowing tints of the setting sun, with a thrilling and indescribable pleasure; and, melancholy and musing, she would sit by her casement in a silvery moonlight, till imagination and enthusiasm would take possession of her feelings. She was not formed for the endurance of evil, or collision with ordinary and vulgar minds; she was too sensitive and refined for the common world. She was not made for this world, so full as it is of evils and misfortunes! Perhaps there would be no place more congenial with her mind and feelings, than a verdant seclusion, locked from the approach of all repugnant and impertinent intruders, or a moonlit bower, where she could wander alone. Oh Cecilia! why wast thou destroyed!

A young gentleman, of fascinating address, became acquainted with Cecilia Raymond; and after frequent intercourse, in which the mind and manners of Cecilia were unfolded to his view, he became her professed and ardent admirer. Of a

sanguine temperament and feelings, when turned in a particular direction, wholly uncontrollable, his love for Cecilia became for the time his predominant and all absorbing sensation, and he flattered himself that he was not altogether indifferent to her. Nor did he err in supposing that Cecilia loved him in turn. Of a person far from disagreeable, and manners which from long cultivation were singularly insinuating, Cecilia viewed him at first with prepossession and goodwill; and when she found that Charles was not unworthy of her favourable regard, she was willing to love him. Daily, nay hourly communications confirmed them both in an affection which predominated over every other feeling; which was constant to death!

It was the misfortune of Charles and Cecilia that she should be admired by another. Mr. Edward Hendrickson had seen Cecilia, and felt the power which she held over all that knew her; but, headstrong and unruly in his passions, jealous in his temper, and determined in the pursuit of a favourite object, he was not deterred from the avowal of his proposals by the certainty of rejection. He did inform Cecilia in ardent and emphatic language of his unalterable love; but she told him with decision that his hopes were vain. Not only was she engaged to an individual worthy of her hand, but the character of Hendrickson would have been repulsive under any circumstances whatever. There was no common feeling, no trait of resemblance, no congeniality of disposition between them. In Charles Montandevert she saw many features of character to admire; he could sympathize with her in joyful and in sorrowful mood; he could comprehend her feelings, and she could comprehend his. But in the gloomy temper of Mr. Hendrickson, there was nothing to be endured. She would not hate him, because her heart was too tender to hate; but she could not love.

When Mr. Hendrickson received his dismissal from the lips of Cecilia, there were no limits to his rage. He retired to his home, and in the seclusion of his chamber vented expressions of hatred and detestation of the amiable Montandevert; he cursed Cecilia for her preference of Charles, and vowed that he would not remain unrevenged. He seemed to think that, in his rejection, the immutable laws of justice had been contravened, as if Cecilia Raymond were not mistress of her hand; and accordingly he formed a determination that he would not be "sporting with" without ample retribution.

On every occasion he spoke of Mr. Montandevert with inveterate hostility, and treated him at different times with mortifying contempt. But Charles was not disposed to cower under a malignant and imperious rival, and, after repeated insults which his self-respect would not permit him to overlook, he invited Mr. Hendrickson to the field. He considered his name and his honour too dear to be stained with impunity, and impelled by the dictates of a worthy, but an erroneous sentiment, he resolved to teach his antagonist through the medium of destructive weapons, that he could enforce respect. It was with reluctance that he resorted to a remedy so severe, and indeed (where fortune and skill, instead of jus-

tice, decided the contest,) so precarious as this; and it was with a feeling of agony that he thought of the possibility of being torn from Cecilia, and of her consequent distress: but had he an alternative! Could he soften the brutal nature of Hendrickson! Could he submit to his outrages! Could he endure that any man who walks on the face of the earth, should trample him in the dust! It was impossible! There was no resort but combat; and shutting his eyes on the image of Cecilia, which constantly hovered before him, he rushed to the field. Short was his course. He was pierced by the bullet of Hendrickson, and dropped to the earth. He lingered for several hours, and when he witnessed the grief of Cecilia, he bitterly wept! But his tears soon were dried, for the sun went down on his lifeless corse.

And poor Cecilia—where was she? Mourning over the body of Montandevert, and when that was committed to the cheerless grave, she gave herself up to sorrow. She enjoyed no comfort; she was never seen to smile; her cheek was pallid except when glowing with the hectic of a fever, and why need I tell the sequel?—she was herself committed to the dust before a year had elapsed. The death of Montandevert; the death of Cecilia, afford another proof of the melancholy facts that malignant is the destiny of the virtuous, the refined, and the amiable, while villany stalks in triumph over the earth.

Hendrickson, the wretch that destroyed Cecilia and Montandevert, prospered in his iniquity, and lived many years in licentiousness and prodigality. I will not say that he lived happily; for how could a fiend like him be acquainted with happiness!

WILD ROBIN; OR THE PENITENT.

It was about two o'clock when Col. Fairfax in company with Dr. Harvey, his preceptor and friend, returned to their inn, and the Doctor having a desire to visit a Franciscan friar, with whom he had contracted a degree of intimacy, on finding him a man of the most liberal education and profound understanding, he told his friend, that if he would give himself the trouble of bespeaking something for their dinner, he would in the mean time, step to the monastery of —, and be back in less than an hour. Colonel Fairfax readily acquiesced, and knowing the good doctor, not from being an epicure, but from weakness of appetite, was rather peculiar in the choice of his dishes, resolved to inspect the larder, in order to fix on such as he thought would be most acceptable; he therefore pulled the bell, and our host, who happened to be his countryman, exhibited a prominence of belly, which would have put Boniface himself out of countenance, made his appearance with a "What does your honour please to want?" "A good dinner," replied the Colonel, "and a bottle of your best Burgundy." "Say you so, your honour, then I defy France to furnish you with a better of each sort. Behold this, your honour," stroking his huge paunch with both hands, "when a landlord lives well himself, it is a certain sign his guests are in no danger of starving." "Since you are so well provided, I must beg leave to inspect your larder,

and will there choose for myself." "As your honour pleases: I should be proud to have the Grand Monarch inspect my provisions: he would not meet with better in all his dominions. This way, your honour," showing him into a little dark hole, which he called his kitchen; "this way leads to my grand repository—for venison, wild fowl, poultry, game of all kinds, and fish of all sorts, I challenge France, England, and Germany."

Colonel Fairfax followed, laughing heartily at the pompous description of his facetious landlord; but, to his great surprise, he found he had been no vain boaster. He chose, from a multiplicity of good things, a neck of venison, a pair of soles, and a soup, the latter of which his host assured him should be gratis, if he did not acknowledge it the most excellent he had ever tasted.

On his return from the kitchen, his sight was struck with an object perfectly uncommon. He had never beheld any thing like it; on a low stool, by a smoky fireside, sat the skeleton of a man; one hand rested on his breast, the other dangled useless by his side; a ragged blanket covered his bony carcass, through which the skin appeared in various places. His beard and nails bore the strongest testimony of neglect. Fame glared in his eyes, and despair stamped a ferocity on every feature. Colonel Fairfax started as if he had seen an apparition. He recoiled back several paces, and exclaimed, with vehemence, "Great God! is it possible a creature, whom thou hast created in thy own likeness, can be reduced to this!"

On hearing these words pronounced, the poor wretch hid his face in the tatters of his ragged blanket, whilst the landlord, holding his sides, laughed in so immoderate a degree, that it was a considerable time before he could attempt to remove the surprise of his guest, which he thought, he could not fail of doing by the following address: "I beg your honour's pardon a thousand times, but for my soul I could not help it. Jeau Maria! who would suppose your honour could have been so frightened? My youngest child plays with him as she would do with a kitten. No, no, your honour, he will do you no harm. If he was not quite simple and harmless, he should never have taken his post under my roof."

What the landlord said, together with the miserable creature endeavouring to hide his face in the shattered covering, increased our colonel's feelings of humanity, and awakened a painful curiosity, which would not let him rest without a full gratification; and for this purpose he retired to his room, desiring his host, if possible, he would get Wild Robin, the name this phantom went by through the family, to follow him thither: he also ordered him to send in a bottle of wine, and some bread.

Various were the emotions of his heart, whilst waiting the execution of his commission. He walked to and fro in eager expectation, listening every now and then, that his ear might catch the first approaches of the person by whom his whole thoughts were occupied. At length the door opened; a servant entered with the thing he had ordered, followed by this spectre of human nature, who, with his eyes fixed on the ground, observed a profound and sullen silence.

Colonel Fairfax waited no longer than till the servant had left the room, before he accosted him in these terms; but with such gentleness in his voice, such manly sensibility in his countenance, as no words can possibly express: "I cannot behold with indifference the sufferings of a fellow-creature, and sure, to judge from appearances, yours must have been of a most malignant nature: I wish to make you acquainted with content." He shook his head. "Is it impossible then, to afford you comfort?" "Impossible!" and again he was silent.

"I am not a rich man, but you are destitute of necessities, without which life must be a burden. Those I can and will procure for you. Are you a native of France?" "No." "Of what country?" "A citizen of the world." "You are determined not to enlarge on your situation? I am convinced you was not born in misery. You have seen better days." "I have,"—and he turned away, to hide the tears that rolled down his face. "Pardon me for adding to your distress. I could wish to have known more: yet I know enough to entitle you to what little service is in my power." He drew out his purse, and desired his acceptance of the contents.

He looked at the Colonel with an air of surprise; but instantly returning the purse, "Keep this," said he, "for some less wretched object, who feels only his poverty, him thy gold will relieve. My miseries are derived from other sources. I feel no want but of internal peace. Restore me that, or all worldly comforts will be but an aggravation of my sorrow." "Would to heaven I could. Your situation pierces my soul. Horrible must have been those incidents, the remembrance of which are so insupportable! Yet without arraigning the justice of your heavenly Judge." "Speak not of justice," interrupted he, "it is his justice by which I am condemned." "Let me say his mercy, without disbelieving his most sacred promises, dare you entertain a doubt of pardon? I am a young man, and, by my own imperfections, the less capable of giving salutary advice. In me it is presumption; however, instead of a desponding criminal, for, in my opinion, this despondency is criminal; I hope to be the means of seeing you the joyful serene Christian. I have a friend; but hold, are you a Protestant?" "Surely I am conversing with an angel; your voice has conveyed to my soul the sounds of comfort. I am, I am a Protestant, blessed be the Almighty; then falling suddenly on his knees, his poor withered hands extended to heaven, "My God! My God!" cried he out, "now I know thou wilt pardon me: thou hast sent me consolation in the day of my affliction. Never, never will I again doubt thy mercies, O righteous Judge of the world! My tears of penitence thou hast numbered, and my groans have ascended to thy throne! Let my horrid crimes dwell in the depth of my memory; but let them be done away from thy sight for ever."

The Colonel, who was inexpressibly affected by this scene, went and filled a glass of wine which he offered to the poor penitent, as soon as he arose from his humble and devout posture. He refused it in these words. "From the expressions you have heard me utter, most humane and generous stranger, you may guess my crimes are not of a common nature; and though my heart has through your means admitted a ray of divine hope, sixteen years a stranger to that dark abode, yet never, never will my conscience rest secure, my hope may increase, my penitence never shall diminish. Pardon me then, dear sir, if I refuse your well-meant request, already have I felt too horribly the effects of that pernicious poison—that, that was my first step towards destruction—this wretched emaciated carcass, such as you now be-

hold it, has been supported sixteen years by bread and water; and unless the effects of one crime, terrible to nature, could be recalled, will never know other sustenance; here will I wait with lowly penitence till my merciful God recalls me from this vale of misery."

Colonel Fairfax was quite unmanned; a tear of pity started from his eyes, he took the poor wretch's hand, and was going to speak of Dr. Harvey, to assure him what benefit he would receive under his direction, when at that moment the Doctor made his appearance. This worthy man betrayed even stronger marks of astonishment than the Colonel had done before him, his eyes were fixed with the most lively expression of horror, of compassion, of amazement, on the pale effigy of famine, who had thrown himself on the ground, and seemed relapsing into his former, gloomy silence.

The Colonel, who thought it best to inform his friend alone of what had happened in his absence, desired he would go with him into the next room, and requested the stranger to wait their return where he was. He bowed his head in token of obedience, and the gentlemen withdrew together.

As soon as they were closeted, Colonel Fairfax gave so picturesque a description of the manner in which he discovered this object of misery, and of the conversation which had passed between them, that the bare recital caused strong emotions in the breast of his hearer, he threw himself into a chair, and pointing to a glass of water which stood on the table, the Colonel gave it to him, and he drank it off, then bursting into tears, "Thank God," said he, for this relief—sixteen years—just sixteen years—merciful Providence." "Whatever are the crimes of this young man," replied the Colonel, "so long, so severe a penitence must have erased them from the eternal book of records."

"No doubt, no doubt, my dear excellent child, but we must know what these crimes were. I am more concerned for this unfortunate victim than you can possibly imagine: I have suspicions which want confirmation before they can be divulged. Alas! my child, it was not the wretchedness of his appearance, but his features by which I was agitated; a something in them which told me he and I were not unacquainted. If my suspicions are confirmed, of which at present I have only a faint hope, for time and misfortune has left such few traces of what he was,—I say, if it should happen, that I know this poor object of guilt, and repentance, he may still be happy. But let us go to him, and, whoever he is, endeavour to console and support him; only do not, I entreat of you, call me by my name in his presence."

They found him walking about the room with an air of discomposure, and as soon as he saw them enter, he desired Colonel Fairfax that he might be dismissed. "I must comply with your request," said he in a soothing voice, "if you will not voluntarily favour us with your company. Already I feel myself interested in your happiness: can you then afford me no return to the friendship I sincerely offer you?" He said nothing; he looked irresolute, and seemed to avoid the Doctor's scrutinizing eye, which followed him in all his motions. "My son," said he, advancing towards him, "repose some confidence in two people who are disposed to serve you. This gentleman you are not quite a stranger to. You have already witnessed the benevolent humanity of his sentiments. He generously offers you his friendship. I am an old man, and may communicate to you consolation from the Holy Function with which I am honoured. Yours, as I am informed by this young gentleman, being a distress of conscience."

In speaking thus, the doctor had so totally altered the natural tone of his voice,

that it was impossible to have discovered it. The self-tormented wretch became more composed. He lifted up his eyes, they were overflowing with gratitude. He said he could refuse them nothing—promised to gratify their curiosity, but begged they would not insist on his revealing two circumstances, which he was determined to conceal. They readily promised him this favour, and waited for the recital, particularly Dr. Harvey, with agitation not to be expressed. They prevailed on him to take a chair, and, seating themselves opposite, from which they might observe every turn in his countenance, he began:

"The two circumstances which alone I wish to conceal, and which no earthly power shall ever make me discover, is the name of my family, whose worth would be blasted by its connexion with such a monster as myself, and the name of a country which had the misfortune of giving birth to a——" He stopped—the passage of his words was choked—it was near a minute before he recovered his voice. "Horrid appellation!" continued he, "to deserve it, drives me to madness! I cannot, cannot repeat the shocking title which my actions have merited. 'Gentlemen, I am well descended, my father—my father'—he started with an air of frenzy—"how dare I pronounce the awful name of father! dear, venerable shade, if thou art permitted to witness the horrors of my polluted soul, forgive, forgive thy son! My crimes are terrible, but my repentance fervent. O that the blood of this foul body could wash away my stains!" "Pardon, bear with me: these expressions rise involuntarily, I must give them passage, for my heart will not contain them."

Both his auditors were nearly as much affected as the distressed penitent himself; the Doctor indeed partly concealed his emotions, for at that moment, when the young man began to address his supplication to his father's spirit, he had covered his face with a handkerchief.

"Wicked as I have been," continued he, "surely I do not deserve that good men, like you, should weep for and sympathise with me—yet let me humbly receive these testimonies of generous humanity as a heavenly cordial sent by God himself, after sixteen years experience of his divine and just vengeance, all which time I have been a wretched wanderer on the face of the earth, an alien to my country, without friend, without money, without peace. I was once innocent and happy, but leaving the bosom of a tender parent—O gentlemen, such a parent as mine; ah, would that you had known him! you would then have seen the full extent of my guilt; without knowing which, you know but half my misery.—I left him to finish an education which his paternal care had hitherto directed, I soon forgot his heaven-inspired precepts, his more heavenly example, and made long strides towards the attainment of every criminal desire." He paused, then resumed the conversation, which had from the beginning been held in the French language.

"Wine destroyed my reason—women inflamed my passions—these vices could not be indulged without expense—I continually drew for more money than my unhappy father, unhappy in such a son, could prudently advance. Alas! had he possessed the mines of Peru, even they would have been insufficient for my detestable purposes—raging with vice, and determined not to relinquish my pleasures, my first resort was to the gaming table, want of success made me desperate—I purchased pistols, and—"

Here large drops of sweat stood on his forehead, nothing but the whites of his eyes were visible, every feature was distorted, his whole frame trembled with convulsive terror. Colonel Fairfax, the tears streaming down his face, caught hold of his hand and begged him to drop

the conclusion of his story—the good doctor could not speak, but his sobs were audible. "No, sir," cried the wretched narrator, after wiping the sweat from his face, "this is one part of my penance, without this my punishment would not be complete—suffer me to proceed—let me act over the horrid deed again in imagination, that my soul may be released by the strength of her own feelings. O Omnipotent! if thou seest fit, let this poor shattered body longer support its conflicts. I said I bought pistols, you guess for what use they were intended—hold, hold my brain!"—(he put his hand to his forehead)—"it will do," cried he; "on my first accursed expedition, I rode up to a chaise, and without looking at the person in it, clapt a pistol through the glass, demanding money, at the same instant a crape which I wore on my face dropped off, stopping to take it from the door of the carriage, my eyes met those of my father, who in all my vile courses I had never ceased to reverence; his well-known voice entered into my very soul.—'My son, my son,' was all I heard—guilt and horror shook my whole frame, the pistol discharged itself, and bursting only took away my murderous hand, whilst my father, my dear father!"—

At this period he was interrupted by a loud groan; and looking round him with terror in his countenance, saw the Doctor fall back in his chair. "Ill-fated wretch!" exclaimed he, "shalt thou destroy another innocent man?" Colonel Fairfax who had flown to support him, now forgot the caution he had so lately received from his friend, and cried out in an agony of grief, "stranger, thou hast killed Dr. Harvey—run, fly for assistance!" Instead of doing as he was desired, he made but one step to the opposite side of the room, and catching hold of the Colonel's arm demanded, in a voice scarce intelligible, if Dr. Harvey lived at Broom Hall in Essex. An answer in the affirmative, acted like a cannon ball, and levelled him even with the earth.

In the midst of astonishment and terror Colonel Fairfax still preserved his presence of mind; he pulled the bell with vehemence and dispatched a messenger for a surgeon of eminence, the lifeless bodies he saw conveyed to separate rooms and immediately put to bed; the surgeon soon arrived, he bled them with success, and applying other remedies they both began to recover, though very slowly. The first use Dr. Harvey made of his returning senses, was to inform his friend that he was a father, that the poor miserable being who had excited their compassion was his son, that having received only a contusion from the bursting of the pistol, he had soon recovered, and never after hearing any tidings of his unhappy child, imagined he had fallen a sacrifice to his inordinate vices, that he had himself spread abroad the report of his death; "but as God Almighty in his abundant goodness," continued the worthy old man, "has restored him to me ten thousand times more amiable for his merciful chastisements, my arms and heart shall be open to receive him; as to the world, he being supposed to die abroad, their scruples may be easily removed, without impeaching his former character. I confess, my good friend, (tears plentifully streaming down his face,) this prodigal son, this glorious penitent I think a greater honour to his father than if he never offended. It is true, nothing can be less difficult than keeping the straight path of honour; but let a fond parent boast that few who have entered so far as he had done the way to perdition, could return the wiser, nay, the better for his trials."

Charmed with the good man's expressions in favour of his son, the Colonel felt the most lively satisfaction, but observing him too deeply affected by dwelling on the subject of his deviation from, and his return to virtue, he en-

deavoured to give the conversation something of a turn less interesting, by expressing his surprise that Mr. Harvey had not discovered his father on their first meeting. "I must account to you for that," replied the Doctor: "since our separation I have had the small-pox, which disorder has totally changed my features, and together with the many seams still remaining, made it almost impossible for him to recollect me, I was afraid, notwithstanding this alteration and so long an absence, that he might have some faint idea of my person or my voice, and I altered the latter, the more effectually to deceive him." As he spoke thus the door opened, he saw his son on his knees, not daring to approach, he heard him say, 'my father, O my father!'

Here we must drop the curtain—such a mixture of grief—joy—tears—smiles—penitence—forgiveness—gratitude and tenderness, as this scene afforded, may make an excellent olio of the passions, but without abilities for dressing them to advantage, we should only spoil the ingredients.

THE WITCH AND HER CAT.

In the village of Putzarde lived a rich peasant, by name Trine Pipers. She was a young handsome widow, without children, and of course had many suitors, who were desirous of fortune, though purchased with the encumbrance of a wife. But Trine was deaf to all amorous propositions; a circumstance that mightily astonished her neighbours, for she was a merry widow, who loved pleasure, and spent her whole time in mirth and feasting. But if their wonder was excited by her aversion to matrimony, they were not a jot less astonished at this continued splendour. Their surprise, moreover, was strongly seasoned with envy, and they therefore indulged in the only consolation usual under such circumstances, that is, they prophesied a speedy downfall to the object that had so much offended them by being happier and merrier than themselves. Some said that in a few years she would beg her bread from door to door; while others, who were contented to allow her the goods of this world, comforted themselves with the idea of her being damned in the other. Nay, not a few went so far as to protest, that she had sold herself to the devil, who would shortly come and bear her off in a whirlwind. But somehow or another it happened, that she neither carried a wallet as a beggar, nor was carried off by the devil as a sinner. All went on in its wonted course: Trine lived merrily, like a joyous widow and an honest woman; and the neighbours flattered her to her face, while their slander behind her back was in exact proportion to their adulation. In the one case nothing was too good for her; in the other, nothing was bad enough; and they certainly might, any of them, have been better taxed with any fault than the want of invention.

In this way passed twenty years, when Trine took it into her head to keep a cat, which the fancy of her neighbours converted into a familiar. Nothing indeed could be more plain: for was not Trine old, and therefore was she not a witch? Trine kept a cat, therefore was she not a witch? What was a witch without a familiar? and what form so fit for a familiar as that of a spotted cat? besides all this, none of these charitable gossips could tell whence this cat came from, and so, according to the general principles on which such inquiries are usually conducted, the thing was clear beyond a question!

The widow, however, only laughed at these wise conclusions, and seemed to become more attached to Puss in proportion to the clamour of her neighbours. The fact was, that Trine grew old and solitary; she had no children, no rela-

tions; the cat was the only thing on earth that really loved her; and the heart, that age had closed to all else, was yet open to this single object of affection. How could it be otherwise? But, among the ignorant and superstitious peasantry of a remote village, the report was fatal. The charge of witchcraft, like the imputation of madness, is, with the prejudiced and ignorant, sure to confirm itself; actions, which in others would not be noticed, are so many proofs of the accusation with those who have been blighted by its fatal mildew. And so it was with Trine. Her familiarity with the cat; the animal's three colours; the white speck on its foot; all these were so many tokens of the witch! Her friends dropped off; her servants fled in terror. Incapacitated by age from superintending her affairs, her property was intrusted to the dregs of mankind—to knaves and profligates; for who else would serve the witch? None that had a character to lose would come within her circle. The consequences were certain,—ruin followed; her farm was neglected, her wealth plundered, and in two years poverty had extinguished the fire on her hearth.

The conclusion of the story weighs heavily on the heart.—The dreadful privations of fire and food, which the unhappy Trine was known to suffer during the severities of a northern winter, did not abate the accused persecution of her wretched and ignorant fellow-creatures. A tempestuous night unroofed her bare and comfortless hovel; and the following morning disclosed poor Trine, in a corner of the ruined apartment, dead,—wasted by famine and by pining grief, almost to a skeleton; the faithful cat, her only friend alive beside her. The brutality of ignorance was not yet sated with the miserable wreck it had made: the poor remains were refused the rites of sepulture; the cat was impaled live.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who lose and who win; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's apes! SHAKESPEARE

Astonishing Instance of the Genius of Mozart.—The following remarkable anecdote has been preserved, relating to the overture of Don Giovanni: This original composition, which is on all hands admitted to be a masterpiece of genius and science, was begun and finished in one night. Mozart wrote the opera of Don Juan for the theatre at Prague, 1787. The songs, finales, in short, all the vocal pieces of the work had been finished, studied by the singers, and rehearsed; nay, the last grand rehearsal took place without the overture being even begun by the composer, although the public performance was fixed for the next day. Mozart's friends, his wife, and, above all, the manager, were in a state of alarm, easily to be conceived; they represented to him the ruinous consequences to the theatre, as well as to himself, which must result from the event of a disappointment, and conjured him not to blast his greatest work by so wanton a procrastination. 'I shall write the overture this afternoon; I have it all in my head,' was the answer given to them. The afternoon came; but Mozart, seduced by the fineness of the weather, took a trip into the country, and made merry, returned in the evening, and sat down to a bowl of punch with some friends, who trembled at the idea of his situation. It was midnight before he left his jovial party, in a state so little calculated for mental exertion, that he determined to lie down for an hour, at the same time charging Mrs. Mozart to call him at the expiration of that time. The fond wife, seeing him in the sweetest slumber, and conscious of his powers, suffered him to lie two hours, called him up, made a bowl of punch, his favourite

beverage, put pen, ink, and staves before him, sat down by his side, and, while filling the glass, entertained the composer with a number of laughable stories, in the telling which, she possessed a peculiar talent. Mozart listened with the greatest glee, and laughed till the tears trickled down his eyes. All at once the divine spark within him brightened into radiant flame; he felt 'full of the god,' and exclaimed, 'Now is the time, Constantia; now we are in trim for it!' Showers of crotchets and quavers now gushed from the rapid pen. At times, however, and in the midst of writing, nature would assert her sway, and cause the composer to relapse into a nod or two. To these it is generally pretended the leading passage in the overture (turned, repeated, and modulated into a hundred varied shapes) owed its origin. The somnolent fits, however, soon gave way to the cheerful converse of Constantia, and the excellent punch which formed its accompaniment. The overture was completed before breakfast, and the copyists had scarcely time to write out the score. A rehearsal being thus out of the question, the orchestra played it at the public representation in the evening without previous trial; and, it is no small eulogium on their talents to add, that the execution electrified the audience, who, with thunders of applause, called for a repetition.

Pleasures of a Chop-House.—There are few pleasures to be placed in juxtaposition with those afforded by a chop-house; and, indeed, had we said, that all descriptions would suffer by the comparative view, we had not, we think, 'overstepped the modesty of nature.' For ourselves, we may most truly say, that we were totally ignorant of true happiness until we had participated in that which a chop-house is so fitted to induct;—we had experienced our share too. To such an extent do our propensities that way extend, we even scruple not to advance, that had the divine Plato tasted its delights, the world would have never seen (nor needed) his mighty speculations. In truth, we much marvel, that in those days of 'profundity, chop-houses were never 'dreamt of in man's philosophy'; but, perhaps, it is better as it is; for it is a self-evident thing, that Plato and a chop-house could not, by any possibility, have existed in the same age. With the incorrigible Liston, the admirers and the followers of each, would for ever have been at contentious purposes, each, perhaps, assuming for their motto,—

"Plato! oh thou reason'st well!"

Reader, we solemnly assure thee, upon our honour, (and we place our hand upon our breast most emphatically) that if thou wouldst know true and uncloying delight, thou must enter a chop-house. Within its doors are to be found food for both body and soul—feasting for corporeal cravings and cravings intellectual—nourishment for the faculties, mental and bodily: there you may invigorate the brain while you satisfy the palate, and feed the mind with good things while you devour your mutton chop, and suck in huge draughts of wisdom while you drink your pot of porter.

A chop-house is a little world of itself. A world?—it is an absolute universe in miniature!—and has its own peculiar system and planets, and satellites, and fixed stars, and revolutions, and its motions, annual and diurnal, in all the wide diversity of waiters, cooks, sauce-pans, stoves, and smoke-jacks. Not Pythagoras, Philolaus, Archimedes, Ptolemy, Aristotle, Copernicus, nor all the sages that ever drew breath, with glorious Newton to boot, ever dreamed of a theory half so exquisite, or afforded to man a treat so delicious.

The Abbe Blanchet gives the following as an Indian tale: A viceroy of Johor governed his province with such cruelty,

that, being massacred in an insurrection, Chaon Malon, the king of Siam, seizing the chiefs of the rebels, contented himself with punishing a few of them. Afterwards, assembling the states of Johor in the hall of the palace: "Vile insects!" said he, "you are no longer worthy to be governed by one of my mandarines. Prostrate yourselves, therefore, before the viceroy I have chosen for you." Then calling a huge mastiff, "Come, Barkhouf," said he, "reign over these wretches in my name, and exterminate them if they do not obey you." Then addressing himself to a Chinese, who had long resided at Johor, "You," said he, "shall be Barkhouf's prime minister; serve him faithfully, and give him counsel if he stands in need of it." Mani, for that was the name of the viceroy, had no difficulty in making the king of Siam believe that he understood the canine language; for immediately turning to the dog, and bowing three times to the earth, his bark was answered by another from the throne, that made the whole palace resound; and the answer being suitably interpreted by the minister, gave the utmost satisfaction to the whole assembly. Even Chaon Malon could not help admiring the forcible eloquence of the new viceroy, and the singular erudition of his interpreter. Barkhouf, notwithstanding a little ferocity in his exterior, proved the best of the canine species. In the council-chamber he was perfectly docile to the instructions of Mani; and in the Chamber of Audience his appearance was always without hauteur; as, upon certain signs from his minister, he never failed wagging his tail, or presenting his paw to any person formally introduced to kiss it. His dinner was always simple, but solid, and generally eaten with the appetite of a rustic. He sometimes amused himself with hunting, and at other times in observing the manoeuvres of the troops in his territory. All dispatches were signed by his paw, dipped in ink for the purpose, which served both for signature and seal, and his reign was long and happy.

King of Otter Hunters.—Mr. William Williamson, paper-maker, Milnthorpe, claims this title, having caught in his life-time thirty-six otters, three of which he tamed, to the great admiration of all who saw them, being as familiar with him as lap dogs; they would frequently follow him even miles from home, would at all times obey him, and at his command would perform a variety of entertaining actions. It is positively known, that one of these animals slept with him every night during a whole winter; and it would not suffer any person to molest him.

Extraordinary Manner of Crossing Rivers.—When the Tartars situated in the heart of Lithuania have occasion to cross rivers, every one gathers rushes or reeds, which he fastens to two long poles, and makes a kind of raft, on which he places his clothes and arms. He ties these poles to the tail of one of his horses, whose mane he holds with one hand, and, holding a rod in the other to guide his horse, he swims with his feet, and passes the river quite naked. These rafts, though made in haste, are so well jointed, and so firm, that they carry safely such slaves as cannot swim. If they have effects which water might damage, they kill four horses that are nearly of a size; and preserving the skins whole, after taking out the flesh and bone, they blow them like bladders, and place them on sledges, or waggons, of which they take off the wheels. Several Tartars swim at the sides to secure these floating machines, which are drawn by two horses, each horse having a conductor to guide him to shore.

THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

MONTSERRAT.

This is one of the most singular mountains in the world, it stands in a vast plain, about 30 miles from Barcelona, and nearly in the centre of the principality of Catalonia. It is called by the Spaniards, Monte-serrado; or, the Sawn Mountain, on account of its very extraordinary form; for it is broken at the top into a multitude of distinct masses, and crowned with a prodigious number of spiring cones, or pine heads, which give it rather the appearance of a work of art than a production of nature. It is a spot admirably adapted for retirement and contemplation, and has, for ages, been inhabited only by monks and hermits, whose first vow on entering its precincts is—never to forsake it. When first perceived at a distance, it has the appearance of an infinite number of rocks cut into conical forms, and built one upon another to an enormous elevation, and seems like a pile of grotto work, or gothic spires. Its circumference is 14 miles, and it is two leagues in height. Towards the summit are erected a monastery and chapel, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, to which pilgrims resort from the farthest parts of Europe.

The height of Montserrat, (observes Mr. Thicknesse,) is so very considerable, that, in one hour's slow travelling towards it, after we left Barcelona, it showed its pointed steeples high above the lesser mountains, and seemed so very near, that it would have been difficult to have persuaded a person, not accustomed to such deceptions, in so clear an atmosphere, to believe that we had much more than another hour's journey to accomplish ere we reached it: but we were all that day in getting to Montorel, a small city, still three leagues distant from it. I think I tell you the truth when I say, that I could perceive the convent, and some of the hermitages, when I first saw the mountain, at about 20 miles distance. From Martorel, however, they were as visible as the mountain itself, to which the eye was directed down the river, the banks adorned with trees and villages, and the view terminated by this most glorious monument of nature. As it is like no other mountain, so it stands quite unconnected with any, though not far distant from some very lofty ones. Near the base of it, on the south side, are two villages, the largest of which is Montrosol; but my eyes were attracted by two ancient towers which stand upon a hill near Colbarton, the smallest, and we drove to that. Here we found the people ready enough to furnish us with mules; for we were now become quite impatient to visit the hallowed convent De Nuestra Senora, to which pilgrims resort from all parts of Europe, some bearing, by way of penance, heavy bars of iron on their shoulders, and others crawling up to it like the beasts of the field, to obtain forgiveness of their sins by the intercession of our Lady of Montserrat. When we had ascended a steep and rugged road for about one hour, and where there was width enough, and the precipices not too alarming, to give our eyes the utmost liberty, we had an earnest of what we were to expect above: the majestic convent opened to us a view of her venerable walls, some of the hermit's cells peeped over the broken crags, still higher, while we, gladdened with astonishment, and giddy with delight, looked up at all with a reverential awe. After ascending for full two hours and a half more, we arrived at the flat part, about the middle of the mountain, on which the convent is erected: even this flat

was made such by art, and at an enormous expense. What an extensive view of earth and sea did it open to our sight! At length we arrived at the gates of the sanctuary, on each side of which, on high pedestals, stand the enormous statues of two saints; and nearly opposite, on the base of a rock, which leans in a frightful manner over the building, a great number of human skulls are fixed, in the form of a cross. Within the gate is a square cloister, hung round with sacred paintings. It was Advent week, when none of the monks quit their apartments, but one, whose weekly duty is to attend the call of strangers: by this one, Father Pascal, we were treated with much politeness, and his services were administered with all that humility and meekness so becoming in a man who had resolved to renounce the world. He put us in possession of a good room, and good beds; and, as it was nearly dark, and very cold, he ordered a brazier of hot embers to be brought, and that the cook of the stranger's kitchen should, in all respects, consult our wishes.

There was before our apartment a long covered gallery; and though we were in a deep recess of the rocks, which projected wide and high on our right and left, we had in front a most extensive view of the world below, comprehending the distant Mediterranean. It was a moonlight night; and, in spite of the cold, it was impossible to shut one's self from the enchanting lights and shades the silver beams reflected on the rude masses about us. All was still as death, till the sonorous bell called the monks to midnight prayer. At two, we heard the tinkling bells of the hermit's cell above us, giving notice that the inmates of that also were going to their devotions: after this, I retired to my bed, but my mind was too much alive to so interesting a scene to allow of sleep. I became impatient for the return of day, that I might be enabled to prosecute my researches in the mountain; and accordingly after an early breakfast, we eagerly set our feet to the first round of the hermit's ladder; it was of stone, in all parts dreadfully steep, and in many almost perpendicular. After mounting a vast chasm in the rock, overrun with foliage, we arrived at a small aperture, through which we gladly crawled; and having reached the secure side of it, prepared ourselves, by a little rest, to proceed further; not, I assure you, without some apprehension, that, should there not be a better road downwards, we must become residents of some cell. After a second clamber, not quite so terrible as the former, we got into some flowery and serpentine walks, leading to two of the nearest hermitages then visible, one of which hung over so horribly a precipice, that the sight was fearfully picturesque. We were now, thought I, certainly in Eden; for the myrtle, the eglantine, the jessamine, and all the smaller kinds of shrubs and flowers grew every where spontaneously; and our feet trod forth the sweets of the lavender and other odoriferous plants, till we arrived at the peaceful St. Jago. We took possession of the holy inhabitant's little garden, and were charmed with the neatness and humble simplicity which in every part characterised the possessor. His little chapel, his fountain, his vine arbour, his stately cypress, and the walls of his cell, embraced on all sides with evergreens, and adorned with flowers, all contributed to render the spot, exclusively of its romantic situation, delightful in the extreme. This hermitage is confined between two pine-heads, and commands a most extensive prospect: and though upwards of 2300 paces from the convent, yet, hanging directly over it, the rocks convey to it not only the sound of the organ, but the very words of the monks when singing in the choir.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BACCHUS.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

MR. CONWAY'S BERTRAM.

Bertram is no ordinary character, and it is a part that can only receive justice from an extraordinary actor. No man of common mind can make any impression in Bertram; he would both murder the part and the patience of the audience. Mr. Maturin never embodied a character equal to the murderer of Aldobrand; a dark, proud, and majestic man, whose very crimes command our admiration. When we first meet the shipwrecked stranger in the convent, and listen to the broken sentences which follow the opening of his severe eye, we look with awe on his mysterious sorrow, and his reckless desperation. We think this the most difficult part for the actor, and in this part Mr. Conway acquitted himself admirably. The slow opening of his eyes, the gradual dawning of their intellectual expression, the fierce fire they flash forth at the name of Aldobrand; his reply to the prior when asked,—"can we do aught for thee?"—"Yes, plunge me in the waves from which ye snatched me;" the bitter tone of execration when he thrusts away the monks, "Off! ye are men—there's poison in your touch!"—all this was most powerfully impressive.

In the second act we find him in company with the friar; his character begins to develop itself; the prior proceeds to probe his heart; at length he touches the chord, which answers:

Prior. Or wrath, or hatred, or revenge is there.
Strang. I would consort with mine eternal enemy to be revenged on him.

The fearful madness of his eye, the firmly clenched hands, the single expression of vengeance in every feature might well justify the question, "Art thou a man or fiend who speakest thus?" The stranger discloses his name, the once powerful Count Bertram, and with bitter irony begs from the monk, on whom in better days his alms had been bestowed, water for his feverish lip and a couch for his weary limbs. The prior utters the name of Aldobrand, and then the spirit of the stranger works in frenzy; his eye fixes, his accents are unearthly; a mad vision of revenge passes before him, his fancy sees his enemy struggling with the dark waters, he breaks into a laugh of maniac exultation, and sinks overpowered into the arms of the monks.

We next see the desolate man walking gloomily along in the proud castle of his mortal foe, and finding in the betrothed love of his brighter days the wife of Aldobrand. For a moment he yields to the thrill of broken-hearted affection, and clasps her to his heaving bosom; then pours on her head his dreadful malediction. She falls to the earth; her child rushes in and meets the eye of Bertram; his kind feelings revive; he clasps the child for a moment in his arms, revokes his curse, and breaks away. Our pens would be feeble in describing Conway in this scene; but the deep and breathless attention of all who saw him, proclaimed "well done."

We meet him again in the convent with Imogene, and never did desolate love speak in tones more true than his. His memory opens the grave of the past, and raises the forms of buried joy; he begs one hour ere he parts from her forevermore. She promises, and again her child interposes, on whose neck she falls.—Bertram looks on her with contemptuous scorn,

"Woman, oh, woman! and an urchin's kiss
Rends from thy heart the love of many years!"
and they part.

In the fourth act we see him once more in Aldobrand's castle, and in answer to Imogene's demand, "Why comest thou thus?" he shows his dagger, and asks for her husband. She supplicates, and for a moment, he surveys with a merciful eye the beautiful being on which he must trample in his fatal career; but it is only for a moment, and he rushes out like the tiger in pursuit of his prey. Soon the clash of swords is heard, the name of Bertram is uttered, and the voice which utters it is the death-knell of Aldobrand. They appear before us, and we see Conway holding the red dagger over his victim, his eye fixed in horrid gratification.

In the fifth act, the Knights of St. Anselm and the Prior, appear before the chamber in which Bertram has fastened himself, together with the corpse of his victim. The prior knocks at the door, and bids the murderer come forth; the door opens and he comes, slow and majestic, from his communion with the dead, with an expression on his face that can be conceived but not portrayed, and surrenders himself. The prior urges him to pray with a look and voice that denote a consciousness of his fearful and eternal doom; he replies, "I have offended heaven, but will not mock it," and is led off.

He re-appears in chains, and at midnight on the rocks, the holy man again urges him to repent, kneels and supplicates that he will prepare for eternity ere the impatient grave shall embrace him. Bertram appears moved; the monk exclaims with eagerness, "Did not a gracious drop bedew thine eye?" he answers with the untameable pride of an erring but still magnificent spirit—

"Perchance a tear had fallen, hadst thou not marked it."

At this moment Imogene's shriek is heard, and she rushes in distractedly; he catches her falling form, and she dies in his arms. He kneels by the body, and when the knights attempt to remove him, he snatches a sword and buries it in his own heart, and exultingly exclaims—

"I died no felon death—
A warrior's weapon freed a warrior's soul."

Throughout the whole, in every scene, Mr. Conway did ample justice to the character. His majestic figure well suited for the habitation of a majestic mind in desolation; his eye showed every various passion which swells in the mighty heart of Bertram, and his voice and action ably seconded his expression. He is very popular, if plaudits enthusiastically repeated be any proof of popularity, and he is deservedly so.—Talent like his, so well applied, will ever command the warmest admiration. J. G. B.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

THE MOUNTAIN BARD.

[Solo Golch, the Mountain Bard, as he is called, is the author of several Welsh airs, which are much admired by his countrymen. The following is his history, as related in Wales, and which is pretty generally credited, however improbable it may appear to the English reader.]

Who on yon threatening rock's brow sits, striking, with enthusiastic fire, the quivering strings of the vibrating harp? Who is he, that, to the woods and waters sings his patriotic lay, while his loose garments o'er his shoulders flying, filled like a sail by the wind, gives his cold body to the cutting blast? Red is his hard cheek; white as the snow his beard and locks, that winnow in the wind; athletic are his limbs. He is like the sturdy oak, in the winter of his age, slow in his decay, and still retaining some of the former fire of his youth.

Oh! know you not the Bard of the Mountain? Have you not heard his soft melodious lays, his rustic song, his invigorating invocation to his countrymen?

It is the patriotic Jolo Golch whom you observe; who in the fierce slaughter of his countrymen, alone surviving, did defy the foe, and singly faced them. But listen: more pangs a mother never knew than the mother who gave him birth. In yon dismantled hut was he born, the only offspring of a humble but contented sire. His mother, whose occupation was to till the fertile field; was used to girth young Jolo to her back, and so pursue her avocation. The child seldom cried; and, in the leasing time she laid him on a rick of corn, while she would form her wheaten sheaf with heart of merry glee.

One sultry day, young Jolo being disposed of, as just before observed, and the mother at some distance off, collecting together the scattered ears that from the team had fallen, or by the sickle had been neglected, while the busy countrymen were gathered round the cosbril of cooling ale, a monstrous eagle, espying the infant, alighted, and bore him away. Distracted, the wretched mother viewed her infant, and heaven implored! Higher the eagle soared, until it disappeared, and young Jolo's screams were heard no more. To the battlements of yon ruinous tower the eagle flew: there she had built her nest; and there her unfledged young croaked for the welcome food. But that all powerful cause, who presides over human actions, came to the assistance of this infant, and placed a mother's feelings in the eagle's breast: she sheltered it with her young, stilled its feeble cries, and roamed for food to nurture it.

Five years on yon tower's top, the infant drew its breath, beneath the maternal eagle's wing: the young were fledged, and fled, and Jolo alone was now her only care. O'er him she'd sit and brood, and watch his little limbs expand, with the tenderest affection: and now the boy would creep from out of the nest, and o'er the mossy stones trail his tender limbs. It was in the September month, when the sultry day is closed with the angry storm, the tower on which the eagle's nest was built toppled, and part of it, cleft by the storm, fell with horrible noise. Wildly the infant screamed, and closer to her breast the maternal eagle drew him; but the fierce tempest still continuing, threatened the total annihilation of the tower, and once more soaring to the heavens, with young Jolo in her embrace, she flapped her wings, and cut through the foggy air. Long time she flew, fearful of her care, until the storm had entirely subsided.

Some fishermen observed her; as she flew with her burthen, almost exhausted; and seeing her in their power, shot her in the breast: she dropped, and expired in the lake. She was taken up by them, who were much astonished to find in her embrace a child, unhurt. One more humane than the rest, felt desirous to preserve the life of the child, and took it home to his wife, who was not a little surprised to find it could not put its feet to the ground. All possible care was taken of him: he was taught to speak, to walk, to read, &c. The mother of Jolo discovered her infant about two years after, by passing the cottage of its preservers, and observing the model of a harp on his breast. Conceive a mother's joy, a mother's rapture, in once more clasping to her bosom her long-lost child. With what fond affection she pressed him to her heart! In the Snowden Mountains dwelt a bardic band, whose customs nearly approached the druidic order, but divested of their superstitions and Gothic idolatries: with these, young Jolo would associate, and join in their patriotic song. Lively was his imagination, strong and bold his thought, smooth and flowing was his verse, extempore composed; and soon was elected Chief of the Snowden Bards. But when rude War roared high her blood-stained crest, an inactive life suited not with Jolo's fire: aside he laid the harp, and sought the noisy field. In bloody strife he yielded not superiority to

the stoutest foe; but, at last a prisoner he was taken, and to London sent. Not long did a prisoner captive keep the chief; his active mind found means to elude the vigilance of the guard, and he escaped. To Snowden he shaped his flight; and gained subsistence by singing ballads to the village maid at the cottage door. Love was his theme, of virtuous maids and faithless men. Melancholy was his tale; pleasing was the plaintive air in which he sung, melting hearts, and drawing sighs from the love-sick virgin. The Snowden Bards welcomed his return with unfeigned joy, and once more nominated him their chief. Never again, he swore to engage in broils; but with his voice vowed to rouse the warlike fire in the hearts of his countrymen, to inspire them with descanting on the blessings of liberty; and to tell them what they had to fear if ever they became the slaves of the foe of Wales.

Fifty years of age had he attained when the English monarch, the beardless Edward, whose great object was to subjugate and oppress the sister kingdom, advanced his thousand warriors to our native mountains, and with fire and sword, prepared to desolate our land. In the deep recesses of Snowden lay the Britons, armed for the conflict, and resolved to perish or to conquer in the defence of their native rights. Jolo exhorted them to fight; his inspiring voice aroused the rage of lions in their breasts; and proudly waved the British banners on the top of every mountain, threatening and defying the English to combat. "Countrymen and soldiers!" cried the Chief Bard of the Mountains, "boldly determine to renounce your lives with your liberties; protect those rights and privileges which your forefathers have enjoyed, and which from you your children should inherit. When the brazen trumpet of the enemy sounds through the valleys, rush not, as you were wont to do, like a wild band on their swords; but collected, receive them. Break not your ranks; but, firmly cemented together, oppose their shield-piercing arrows. Forget not that for your bones, your wives, your children, and your liberty, the sword is raised. Remember the victories of Arthur, the sore battle (to the English) of Llanvaes, of Camryd, of Euloe, of Berwyn," &c.

A thousand huzzas echoed among the hills; women and children mingled in the ranks; and on the plains beneath the mountain was spread a rich repast, at which the immortal Llewelyn, their brave prince, presided, with the bards, drinking healths and success to their arms. Smiling the next morn appeared: at a distance sounded the trumpet of the enemy; and the stout-hearted Britons took the field. Around the mountain's brow the bards were scattered, invoking Heaven for the success of their arms. The English were, at first, staggered with so novel and strange a sight, and they gave ground upon the first attack of the Britons, who drove them, into wild disorder, until their monarch appeared among them, and, by an animated example, invited them to renew the contest. All was confusion and despair. The Britons, half mad with success, forgot the instructions of the intrepid Jolo, minded not the commands of their valiant prince, and were routed, in their turn, by the English; who, ashamed of their conduct, united again, and with fresh vigour assailed the enemy. Alas! alas! dreadful was the carnage of that day, lost by the greater confidence of our countrymen; who, assured of victory, regarded not those opportunities which would inevitably have crowned their most sanguine hopes. The British Prince, disdaining to flee from those who had so often fled from before him, was overpowered by numbers, and was slain, valiantly fighting for the liberties of his country. Not even the bards were spared, whose venerable appearance might have inclined them to mercy, being unarmed,

and, for that reason, not to be feared. The signal was given for their slaughter; and up each craggy cliff the eager soldier flew, to complete an act designed by this barbarous monarch. High upon the Wyddra's lofty summit sat Jolo Golch, the Mountain Bard, the survivor of the bardic throng: the bitterest execrations burst from his quivering lips. Thrice had the enemy attempted to tear him from his seat, but as often met with a repulse. He feared not death.

Jolo Golch mixes not with the world: in the lofty Mountains of Snowden he dwells; sweet is his song. Often have the village maids tripped along the green to his merry dance; and the love-lorn damsel listened with tearful eye to his plaintive ditty. The young soldier, inspired with his songs of war, has, in imagination, fought those very battles which the faithful tongue of Jolo has so glowingly described. Jolo Golch will ever live in the hearts and memories of his countrymen; his song will ever please; his patriotic spirit ever be admired.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing

INFANCY AND PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Mankind, but a few ages since, were in a very poor condition as to trade and navigation; nor, indeed, were they much better off in other matters of useful knowledge. Every useful improvement was held from them: they had neither looked into heaven nor earth, neither into the sea nor land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without experiment, mathematics without instruments, geometry without scale, astronomy without demonstration. They made war without powder, shot, cannon, or mortars. They went to sea without compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing-press, writing no paper, and paper no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a love-letter, and a billet-doux might be of the size of an ordinary trencher. They were clothed without manufactures, and their richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters. They carried on trade without books, and correspondence without posts; their merchants kept no accounts, their shop-keepers no cash-books; they had surgery without anatomy, and physicians without the metier medica; they gave emetics without ipecacuanha, and cured agues without bark.

As for geographical discoveries, they had neither seen the North Cape, nor the Cape of Good Hope. All the inhabited world, which they knew and conversed with, was circumscribed within narrow limits, viz. France, Britain, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Greece; the Lesser Asia, the western parts of Persia, Arabia, the northern parts of Africa, and the islands of the Mediterranean Sea. Such was the whole world to them; not that even these countries were fully known, for several parts of them were not inquired into at all. Germany was known little farther than the banks of the Elbe; Poland as little beyond the Vistula, as Hungary beyond the Danube; Muscovy, or Russia, was as perfectly unknown as China beyond it; and all their knowledge of India was from a little commerce upon the coast about Surat and Malabar. Africa had once been more known; but, by the ruin of the Carthaginians, all the western coast of it was sunk out of knowledge again and forgotten; the northern coast of Africa in the Mediterranean remained known, and that was all. The Baltic Sea was not discovered, nor even the

navigation of it known; for the Teutonic knights came not thither till the thirteenth century. America was not heard of, nor was there so much as an idea in the minds of men that any part of the world lay that way. The coasts of Greenland and Spitzbergen, with the whale fishery, were not known; the best navigators in the world, at that time, would have fled from a whale with fright and horror.

The coasts of Angola, Congo, the Gold and the Grain Coasts, on the west side of Africa, whence such immense wealth has since been drawn, were not discovered, nor the least inquiry made after them. All the East India and China Trade was not only undiscovered, but beyond the reach of expectation. Coffee and tea, those modern blessings of mankind, had never been heard of; all the unbounded ocean we now call the South Seas, was hidden and unknown; all the Atlantic Ocean, beyond the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar, was frightful and terrible in the distant prospect; nor durst any one peep into it, otherwise than as they might creep along the coast of Africa towards Salée or Santa Cruz.

The North Sea was hid in a veil of impenetrable darkness; the White or Archangel Sea was a very modern discovery, not made until Sir Hugh Wiloughby doubled the North Cape, and paid dear for the adventure, being frozen to death with all his crew on the coast of Lapland; while his companion's ship, with the famous Mr. Chancellor, went on to the Gulf of Russia, called the White Sea, where Christian strangers had never been before him.

In these narrow circumstances stood the world's knowledge at the beginning of the 15th century, when men of genius began to look abroad and about them. Now as it was wonderful to see a world so full of people, and people so capable of improving, yet so regardless and so blind, so ignorant and so perfectly unimproved; it was equally wonderful to see with what a general alacrity they took the alarm, almost all together, preparing themselves as it were on a sudden, by a general inspiration, to spread knowledge through the earth, and to search into every thing that it was possible to uncover.

How surprising is it to look back, so little a way behind, and to see, that even in less than two hundred years, all this (now so self-wise) part of the world did not so much as know whether there was any such place as America! neither had the world, though they stood upon the shoulders of four thousand year's experience, the least thought that there was any land that way. As they were ignorant of places, so were they also of things. So vast are the improvements of science, that all our knowledge of mathematics and of natural philosophy, the brightest part of human wisdom, had its admission amongst us within these two last centuries.

What was the world then before? And to what were the heads and hands of mankind applied? The rich had no commerce, the poor no employment; war and the sword formed the great field of honour,—the stage of preferment. You have scarcely a man eminent in the world for any thing, before that time, but for a furious outrageous falling upon his fellow-creatures, like Nimrod, and his successors of modern memory. The world is now daily increasing in experimental knowledge; but let no man flatter the age with pretending that we have arrived at a perfection of discoveries.

What's now discover'd only seems to shew
That nothing's known, to what is yet to know.

MONTAGNES FRANCOISES.

The Montagnes Beaujon, or, as they are now commonly called, the Montagnes Françoises, are a kind of circus

constructed in the delightful garden of the famous Beaujon, at Paris, for courses on an inclined plane, in imitation of those amusements celebrated on the frozen mountains of Russia and of the Alps.

The circus is formed by two semi-circular flights, commencing at the entrance of the arena: from this point they gradually rise to the elevation of an hundred feet, and unite under a turret erected on the summit, and forming a crown to the whole. They extend over a surface of three thousand toises, and present on each side a declivity of seven hundred feet in length. The car is entered at the turret, and is then launched down the inclined plane, being left after that moment entirely to itself: arrived at the lowest part of the descent, it remounts to the turret by a very ingenious piece of mechanism, upon a rectilinear inclined plane, three hundred feet long from the base, bringing back the voyager to the point from which he originally started, having passed over a thousand feet in one minute. Notwithstanding the velocity with which the car moves, there is no danger whatever to be apprehended; for its wheels run in a double groove, which renders all deviation impossible. From the turret there is a most extensive view of Paris and its environs: it is surmounted by a light-house, which was intended for the port of Toulon, and the diameter of its luminous circle is immense. The garden is on a level with the top of the column in the Place Vendôme: the mere raising of the ground cost Beaujon upwards of a million and a half of francs. The French at first called it 'Beaujon's folly', in allusion to the enormous sums expended by him in embellishing the place. Messieurs Reynart and Brisou, the present proprietors, have spared neither trouble nor expense in their endeavour to bring here, as into a focus, all that the most luxurious and refined taste could desire. The magnificence and elegance displayed in all the details of Beaujon, decidedly give it the first rank among the numerous establishments of its kind; and the public voice has now completely and very deservedly sanctioned the adoption of a more high-sounding appellation—*Les Montagnes Françaises*.

DIAMOND MINES AT PURTYALL.

Purtyall, or Gunny-Purtyall, as it is more generally termed, is the head of a small district of five villages, subject to his Highness the Nizam, situated within the English East India Company's possessions near the Kistna river, and visited by the high road from Masulipatam to Hyderabad, eight miles S. W. of Condapilly, and adjacent to a range of hills which run nearly north and south. The face of the country is rather uneven. The soil within the tract varies according to the elevation and depression of the lands, a fine rich cotton mould being peculiar to the low, while a stony and sterile earth pervades the higher grounds. If tradition can be credited, the discovery of the mines appears to have been accidental; and report attributes it to the incident of some scattered diamonds being picked up by some shepherds, in their perambulatory excursions in the vicinity of Mulbully, while tending their flocks. The stones being taken to their homes, and handed about as something curious, arrested the eyes of some that had a knowledge of their value, who soon importuned the shepherds to conduct them to the place where they were to be found. Having come to the spot, they searched for similar stones, and were so successful as to gather some in its immediate vicinity. The rage of search in quest of this precious gem becoming general, and being resorted to by numerous parties, the surface of the adjacent lands not yielding a continued supply, it was soon determined to

ransack the bowels of the earth, by excavating pits, which was attended with various success. When these were exhausted of their stores, the miners became complete adepts in the art of discovering the properties of the soil which contained the treasures, and, gradually advancing, traced the run of the mines from place to place till they reached Purtyall.

The mines which are the subject of the present article were first laid open about 125 years ago. The soil in general is black, except on the great but gently sloping heights which terminate here, when it changes to a gray, pebbly, common earth. Here the miners or hill people, who are invited from remote parts of the country, and who alone seem to possess the faculty of tracing this stone even to its embosomed recesses, commence their labour by digging to the depth of fourteen to thirty feet, or till they come to a bed of small pebbles intermixed with a kind of mineral earth, in which they find the diamonds enclosed. This earth is either of a yellow or reddish cast, and is found more or less adhering to the diamonds. A sufficient quantity being dug out and conveyed to a cistern of water, and after soaking for some time, it is stirred about till the clods are broken, and the gravelly matter sinks to the bottom. A vent is then opened, and the cistern supplied with fresh water till the earthy substance is washed away, and nothing but gravel remains; what thus settles is allowed to dry in the sun, then shifted to a smooth bed, hardened and prepared for its reception, where it is thinly spread, and afterwards examined with attention by the hands of the labourers, at which work they are so expert, that the most minute particle of a stone can hardly escape them.

The strata in the pits are various, the first being of black soil to about six feet in depth; then a layer of a mixture of black and white earth to about five feet, then a kind of white clay or marle for one foot, which again is succeeded by a variety as white, red, yellow and gold-coloured sands, and finally a bed of small pebbles of various shapes and colours mingled with the above earth, in which the diamonds are generally found. The miners work with no other covering than a narrow piece of cloth round their middle, and are narrowly watched by the guards and an overseer, to preclude the possibility of their concealing or embezzling any stone of value which they may chance to discover.

The diamonds found here are of various sizes, but generally small, weighing from ten to thirty carats or upwards; but some of these are not very clear, their water being slightly tarnished with a yellow or red tinge, and sometimes streaked with black, which probably is owing to the nature of the soil. On all diamonds weighing above fourteen or fifteen carats, the Nizam receives seventy-five per cent., besides a duty from the merchants, according to the number of hands employed. If under that weight, it becomes the exclusive property of the merchant or person who undertakes the working of the mines.

The first mine laid open was that west of Purtyall about two hundred yards, and which goes by the name of Dealyconda, or the light of the place. From this they traced the vein of the mines easterly for about three hundred yards, till they came to a small rivulet which runs north and south; after this they worked in a southerly direction. At present the mines are neglected and filled with earth; but some of the inhabitants continue their search in quest of diamonds from the earth thrown up from the mine of Purtyall, and where the workmen find stones not exceeding the size of a large pin's head, which are generally sold for the value of one and a half or two rupees.

Among the native community who en-

gage in the working of the mines, there is a curious superstitious usage. While laying open a pit, and during the whole course of the process attending the search, no stranger, of whatever rank, is permitted to approach within a certain distance, either on foot or mounted on an animal, or in any vehicle: nor are the workmen on any account allowed to come within those limits with their sandals. Women of all descriptions and ages are also entirely prohibited from any approaches, and are not suffered to mingle with the other sex in the work, however deficient they may be in the number of labourers for pursuing the undertaking with vigour.

CURIOSITIES FOR THE INGENIOUS.

No. IV.

Pulsation.—A gentleman laid it down the other day in company, as a medical theory well established, that a slow pulse might in most cases be considered an indication of longevity. To support this doctrine, he produced the following calculation. "One man enjoying ordinary health, has a pulse which beats 70 in a minute, 4,200 in the hour, 36,681,200 in the year. Another person of the same age, has his pulse at 60 every minute, 3,600 in the hour, and 31,449,600 in the year; the difference making the extraordinary number of 5,241,600 pulsations, will give (says our theorist) the excess of action, and consequently of exhaustion, suffered by the quicker over the slower pulse, in the course of 365 days.

Distance of the Sun.—The distance of the Sun from the earth in round numbers, is about 95 millions of miles, a distance so prodigious, that a cannon ball, which moves at the rate of about eight miles in a minute, would be something more than twenty-two years in going thither.

Sailing Chariot.—A chariot, on wheels, to be impelled by the wind, was constructed, in the last century, by Stephinus, at Scheveling, in Holland, and is celebrated by many writers. Its velocity is said to have been so great, that it would carry eight or ten persons from Scheveling to Putten, which is distant forty-two English miles, in two hours. Carriages of this kind are said to be frequent in China; and in any wide level country, must be sometimes both pleasant and profitable. The great inconvenience attending the machine is, that it can only go in the direction the wind blows, and even not then, unless it blows strong; so that after you have got some way on your journey, if the wind should fail, or change, you must either proceed on foot, or stand still. The Hollanders have small vessels, somewhat of this description, which carry one or two persons on the ice, having a sledge at bottom instead of wheels; and being made in the form of a boat, if the ice break, the passengers are secured from drowning.

Table, showing the velocity of the Wind in different circumstances.

Miles per hour.	Feet per Second.	Perpendicular force on square foot. In Avoirdupois pounds and parts.	
1	1.47	.005	Hardly perceptible.
2	2.93	.020	Just perceptible.
3	4.4	.044	
4	5.87	.079	
5	7.33	.123	Gently pleasant.
10	14.67	.492	
15	22.	1.107	Pleasant brisk.
20	29.34	1.968	
25	36.67	3.075	Very brisk.
30	44.01	4.429	
35	51.34	6.027	High wind.
40	58.68	7.873	
45	66.01	9.963	Very high wind.
50	73.35	12.300	Storm or tempest.
60	88.02	17.715	Great storm.
80	117.36	31.490	Hurricane.
100	146.7	49.200	Hurricane, that tears up trees and carries buildings before it.

Immense Lift.—In the journal of North Brabant, for the year 1819, there is a curious narrative of the complete removal of a windmill, over a space of five thousand five hundred and twenty feet!

The removal of the mill was effected in twelve days, from its original site to that which was subsequently chosen for it. No part of this enormous mass was shaken, and the mill continued in full work during the operation. Even a glass, filled with water, placed in the gallery, suffered no agitation, although the mill advanced, each day, a distance of four hundred and sixty feet. In the same manner the transportation was effected of a house attached to the mill; twenty-three feet deep, and twenty-seven long. This house was built for the most part of stone; the removal of it was effected in five days.

Tenuity of Gold and Silver Wire.—Gold-wire, or what commonly goes by that name, is made of cylindrical ingots of silver, covered over with a skin of gold, and then drawn successively through a vast number of holes, each smaller and smaller, till at last, it is brought to a fineness exceeding that of a hair. This admirable ductility, which makes one of the distinguishing characteristics of gold, is nowhere more conspicuous than in this gilt wire. A cylinder of forty-eight ounces of silver, covered with a coat of gold only weighing one ounce, as Dr. Halley informs us, is usually drawn into a wire, two yards of which weigh no more than one grain; whence 98 yards of the wire weigh no more than 49 grains, and one single grain of gold covers the 98 yards, so that the ten-thousandth part of a grain is above one-eighth of an inch long. Silver-wire is the same with gold-wire, except that the latter is gilt, or covered with gold, and the other is not. Before the wire is reduced to this excessive fineness, it is drawn through above 140 different holes, and that each time they draw it, it is rubbed over afresh with new wax, both to facilitate its passage, and to prevent the silver appearing through it.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Cricket.—The Cricket (of the genus *Gryllus*, division *Achetæ*) when an out-door dweller, sallies forth towards sunset from its earthy habitation. They are so shy and cautious, that it is no easy matter to get a sight of them; for, feeling a person's footsteps as he advances, they stop in the midst of their song, and retire nimbly to their burrows, where they lurk till all suspicion of danger is over. A pliant stalk of grass, gently insinuated into their caverns, will probe their windings to the bottom, and quickly bring out the inhabitants. It is remarkable, that although furnished with long legs behind, and strong thighs for leaping like grasshoppers, they show no activity when driven from their holes, but crawl along in an awkward manner so as easily to be taken; and that though provided with a curious apparatus of wings, they never exert them when there seems to be the greatest occasion. The males only make the shrill noise, which is effected by a brisk friction of one wing against the other. They are solitary beings, living singly, male or female: the males, when they meet, will fight fiercely; and one in possession of a chink, or crevice, will seize on any other that is obtruded on him, with a vast row of serrated fangs. With their strong jaws, toothed like the shears of a lobster's claws, they perforate and round their curious cells; and though thus armed, they never offer to defend themselves when taken in the hand. Of such herbs as grow before the mouths of their burrows they eat indiscriminately, and never, in the day time, seem to stir more than two or three inches from home. Sitting in the entrance of their caverns, they chirp all night as well as day from May to July: in hot weather, when they are most vigorous, they make the hills echo; and, in the stiller hours of darkness, may be heard to a considerable distance. Sounds do not always give us

pleasure according to their sweetness and melody; neither do harsh ones always displease: we are more apt to be captivated or disgusted with the associations which they promote, than with the notes themselves. Thus the shrill noise of the field cricket, though harsh and stridulous, marvellously delights some hearers, filling their minds with a train of summer ideas of every thing that is rural, verdurous, and joyous. The hearth-cricket, which has nothing different from the field one, excepting that it is a shade lighter in colour (brown,) is not so shy as the other: it resides altogether within our dwellings, intruding itself on our notice, whether we will or not. It delights in new-built houses, being, like the spider, pleased with the moisture of the walls; and besides, the softness of the mortar enables them to burrow and mine between the joints of the bricks and stones, and to open communications from one room to another. They are particularly fond of kitchens, and bakers' ovens, on account of their perpetual warmth; and instead of lying torpid, as their out-door relatives do, during the winter, they are always alert and merry. A good Christmas fire is to them like the heat of the dog-days; and they seem to sing more immoderately when there is a roaring blaze in the chimney. Though frequently heard by day, yet is their natural time of motion only the night. As soon as it grows dusk, their chirping increases, and they come forth from their retreats: they may then be seen from the size of a flea to that of their full stature, which is somewhat less than the grasshopper's. From the burning atmosphere they inhabit, they are a thirsty race, and are frequently drowned in pans of milk, water, broth, or the like. Whatever is moist they run to; and therefore often gnaw holes in woollen clothes, that they find hanging to dry at a kitchen fire. These in-door gentry are also very voracious, and will eat the scummings of pots, yeast, salt, crumbs of bread, and any kitchen sweepings. In the summer they have been observed to fly over the neighbouring roofs, when it became dusk: this feat of activity accounts for the sudden manner in which they sometimes leave their haunts, as it does for the method by which they come to houses where they were never known before. It is remarkable that many kinds of insects never seem to use their wings but when they desire to settle in a new abode: in the air they move in waves or curves, like wood-peckers, and are continually rising and sinking as they open and shut their wings. They have been known to increase to such a degree in a house, as to become an actual pest like Pharaoh's plague of frogs, to its inhabitants, for they are "in their bedchambers, and on their beds, and in their ovens, and in their kneading troughs." Cats catch hearth-cricket, play with them as with mice, and eventually eat them. Like wasps, they are destroyed by any liquid set in their haunts, for their eagerness generally plunges them headlong. A popular prejudice, however, seems to prevent their destruction by any other than accidental means: some imagine they bring luck to the house by their presence, and that therefore it would be attended with hazard to kill them. The grasshopper and the locust are of the same genus with the cricket, though of different orders: but all are supposed, from the presence of three stomachs, to possess the faculty of ruminating, as the cow.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Brewing.—By adopting the following suggestions, the process of brewing may be much simplified and facilitated, and most of the inconveniences obviated:—"Great care being taken that the malt be not scalded with the first wetting or washing, the process of mashing will be

the same as under the old system. The beer is then to be removed from the boiler, but the hops are not to be strained off, and it is to be taken to the cellar and tunned. The barrels are to be left open. In about four or five days, when the beer becomes quite cold, the process of fermentation will spontaneously commence, for no yeast is to be applied. The hops and some of the beer will rise and work out of the barrel. When the beer sinks in the barrel it is to be filled up and bunged. Thus the beer will be improved in strength, and the flavour of the hop will be finer, in consequence of the steam gradually evaporating with the hops in the barrel.

Cultivation of Cotton in France.—Two years ago M. J. Dortie, one of the managers of the experimental farm of La Gironde, published an interesting Notice on the Culture of Cotton, and on the possibility of introducing it into La Gironde, and other southern departments of France. This treatise excited much curiosity among the agriculturists of Lot and Garonne; trials were made, and proved so far successful, that the prefect determined upon applying to the Minister of the Interior for certain sums to purchase the grains of herbaceous cotton. These were accordingly distributed, in the beginning of 1822, among different proprietors in the district of Nerac. The success has been complete, wherever the same care and attention have been paid, as in the culture of tobacco or maize.

Artificial Palate.—A silver palate of a very superior construction was some time ago invented by Mr. A. Clarke, of Grosvenor-street, London, a skilful dentist and most ingenious mechanic. The invention fits the parts with the utmost nicety, is worn without pain, and can be taken out or put in by the wearer in the space of a minute.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does no defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUESS D'ARGENS.

HOMER AND HIS WRITINGS. No. II.

Rollin, in his treatise on the Belles Lettres, remarking on Homer, says, "it is difficult to be brief in speaking of his beauties. He is admirable for expressing the nature of the things he describes, by the sound and order of the words, and sometimes by the choice of the letters." And to bear out his observation, he produces passages, indicative of a harsh sound,—of a smooth and flowing sound,—of heaviness, and of swiftness. He next extols him for his descriptive powers, and observes on the lines, which Pope has thus translated,

"Black choler filled his breast, that boiled with ire,
And from his eyeballs flashed the living fire!"

that the fire of rage flashes in the expression no less than in the eyes of Agamemnon, whose transport of passion he is describing. Goldsmith has likewise observed on this passage, that Homer has struck off a glowing image in two words. Rollin, continuing his admiration of Homer's descriptions, instances the battle of the gods; and the parting of Hector from Andromache and Astyanax. On the latter Rollin remarks, "There never was a finer piece of painting." He is enchanted, as every lover of poetry must be, with the just and beautiful image of the child, frightened at the glittering helmet and nodding plume. The next beauty which he points out is taken from the Odyssey, and is the reception of Telemachus by Eumæus. He then examines the smiles which the bard has introduced, and says, that "Nature seems to have exhausted herself to embellish her poems." A little further on, he extracts the speech of Priam, pleading to Ulysses for the corpse

of Hector, his son, which is full of feeling, and may be found in the 24th Book of the Iliad. From the opinions of this French writer, it is easily to be discerned that he was no Zeilus wishing to alter, or pretending to correct the immortal verses of Homer; and that he had no desire to act the parts of Bavius and Mævius, who sported their malevolence wherever talent had raised its possessor to celebrity.

The praises of Lempriere announce that Homer has displayed the most consummate knowledge of human nature, and rendered himself immortal by his sublimity, fire, sweetness, and elegance. And he adds, that, although the Iliad is decidedly superior to the Odyssey, yet in the latter the same force, sublimity, and elegance prevail; but divested of its most powerful fire. Longinus compares Homer's Iliad to the meridian sun, and his Odyssey to its setting, when it has still the same greatness, but not the same order or force. Horace in his second epistle, commends him to Lollius:

While you, my Lollius, on some chosen theme,
With youthful eloquence at Rome declaim,
I read the Grecian poet o'er again,
Whose works the beautiful and base contain;
Of vice and virtue more instructive rules,
Than all the sober sages of the schools.

It is said that Alexander was so fond of Homer, that he placed his compositions under his pillow with his sword; and that he deposited the Iliad in one of the richest caskets of Darius, observing, that the most perfect work of human genius ought to be preserved in a box the most valuable and precious in the world.

The preface to Pope's translation of the Iliad ascribes to Homer the greatest invention of any poet; which is the foundation of all poetry: and affirms, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. It however states that his fancy is not in its fullest splendour at the beginning of his poem, but grows in its progress; and becomes on fire, like a chariot wheel by its own rapidity. In the Postscript to the Odyssey, Pope defends him by offering some explanatory observations on the remarks of Longinus as to that work.

"Though," says he "Longinus affirmed the Odyssey to have less sublimity and fire than the Iliad, he does not say it wants the sublime and wants fire—he affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective—he affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill-invented or ill-executed;" and, to show that each poem is perfect in its nature, brings forward two of Raphael's paintings (the Battle of Constantine, and the School of Athens), and asks, whether we should censure the latter as faulty, for not having the fire and fury of the former. The Adventurer maintains that the Odyssey excels the Iliad in many respects; and calls the one a manual for monarchs, and the other, a manual for common life; at the same time observing that our eyes should be rather on Ulysses than Achilles for imitation. The one poem inculcates the evil effects of discord, the other extends its lessons to patience, prudence, wisdom, temperance, and fortitude. The Essayist then selects as beauties of composition, the discovery of Ulysses to Laertes, and to Telemachus: and extracts a passage from Fenelon, where he compares the natural descriptions in the poem, to goats climbing a hanging rock in a landscape of Titian. Throughout the three essays, which treat on the subject, arguments are continually sent forth to support the assertion of superiority. Besides the two poems of the Iliad and Odyssey, Homer is supposed to have written one on the expedition of Amphiaræus against Thebes,—the Phœcis—the Ceroopes—the Lesser Iliad—the Epicichlides—the Batrachomyomachia, or Battle of the Frogs and Mice—and some Hymns to the gods.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 44 Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Miles Colvin the Cumberland Mariner.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Rocky Labyrinth of Adersbach, in Bohemia.*

THE DRAMA.—*Falvius Valeno; a tragedy.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Andere Hoffer, the Tyrolean Patriot.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Effects of Physical phenomena on the Vegetable and Animal productions of the globe. Signs of the Weather. Curiosities for the Ingenious. No. V. Scientific Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Balance of the Poets.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*The Pilgrim. No. XII.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*A week's Journal of an English gentleman in the year 1823.*

POETRY.—*To Genius, and Song of an American Sailor in Europe; by Frances Wright; and other pieces.*

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!

There is now two comets visible in the heavens. The newly discovered one is situated in the tail of the Dragon, about 30 deg. from the Polar Star, and as many from Alpha of the Great Bear. The nucleus is the naked eye is of a dull whitish color. Its train is long and brilliant, and is of that kind which is attended with gleams or flashes of light at intervals. From its great northern latitude, it is always above the horizon, and when there are no clouds, it may be seen at any time of the night.

A Literary and Historical Society has been established at Quebec, under the patronage of the Earl of Dalhousie, governor of Lower Canada.

The quantity of Lehigh coal expected to be sent into the market this season, is estimated at half a million of bushels.

Cotton begins to be imported in considerable quantities from Egypt into England. It is said to be much approved in Manchester, and is expected to come into competition soon, with the Brazils, the Orleans, and the Sea Islands.

On the 12th and 13th inst. the thermometer in the shade at Savannah was at 75, and the peach and plum trees were beginning to put forth their buds. Peach trees were also in bloom last week at Washington.

The first number of a paper, in the 4to. form is published at Cincinnati, entitled "the Cincinnati Literary Gazette," professing to be devoted entirely to literary subjects.

The pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Philadelphia, under the tuition of Mr. D. G. Seixas, were exhibited on the 16th inst. in the hall of the house of Representatives before the legislature of that state, and gave such proofs of their knowledge of ideas and language as surprised every one present.

It is stated that \$100,000 worth of pure gold has been found in North Carolina, the greater part of which has been sent to the mint at Philadelphia.

In Illinois, a well has been lately discovered, from the waters of which salts are made, of a quality and effect equal to the Epsom salts.

It is stated in an eastern paper, that there are 5000 clergymen, 6000 lawyers, 10,000 physicians, 3000 legislators, and 500,000 students, in the U. States.

MARRIED.

Mr. Archibald Scooby to Miss Sarah Ann Van Valer.

Mr. Edward Bancker to Miss Susannah F. Hopson.

Mr. Samuel Clark to Miss Lucinda Wheeler.

Mr. T. H. Rider to Miss Lucy Berry.

Mr. Leonard Dunkly to Miss Ann Margaret Weeks.

Mr. Peter Meaking to Miss Jane Pares Hide.

DIED.

Mrs. Sarah Taylor, aged 55 years.

Mrs. Hannah Van Buskirk, aged 36 years.

Mr. George J. Carnor, aged 21 years.

Mr. Samuel Furman, aged 24 years.

Mr. Richard Bond.

Mr. Edward A. Miller, aged 18 years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, aged 50 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO CORA.

Give sorrow words—the grief
That doth not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart
And bids it break. *MACBETH.*

Beyond the wave, beyond the wave,
Beyond the stormy ocean's roar,
Thy form hath found an early grave—
Thine eye is closed, to beam no more!
The cloud hath fall'n, the turf hath pressed
Upon that lovely coffin'd form;
The earth has dashed upon that breast,
With life and love no longer warm.
Yet o'er this solitude of soul,
Which round me sheds a spell malign,
Thy loved remembrance hath control,
And bids my spirit not repine,
But firmly bear the ills that spread
Their midnight o'er my destiny,
Where once the life of hope was shed—
The rainbow hope which glowed for thee.
Cora, thou wast not formed for earth,
So bright thy angel beauty shone,
So rich in innocence and worth,
That heaven has claimed thee for its own:
Yes, in that mild and sparkling eye
There was a light that led me on;
A bright inviting witchery,
That waked for me, and me alone.
And, though that eye hath lost its ray,
Though death has gathered in his cloud
Around thy cold and lifeless clay,
Enwreathed within the funeral shroud;
Though thou reposit in the dust,
Thy chord of frail existence riven,
It is my hope, it is my trust,
Thy soul is blooming now in heaven.

Ay, thou hast perished—and the sod
Grows in its freshness o'er the scene
Where on thy bosom fell the clod,
And sorrow told that thou hadst been;
Nor did I hear the last farewell
Which thou didst breathe to love and me;
Nor did I hear the lonely knell
Which rung the requiem over me!
There was a time my soul could burn
With ardor for the meed of fame,
Perchance that season may return,
And time renew that wasted flame;
Wilt thou be with me then to share
The pride and feeling of that hour?
Can the cold grave its bosom bare?
Or life renew the ruined flower?
Yet, be it so—'twere wrong to blame
Or murmur at the dread decree,
This lovely heart must share the same
Dark fate which early blighted thee:
Alas, thou wast so fair, so young,
So beautiful in maiden bloom,
That all my hopes around thee hung,
And died and withered on thy tomb!
Had I but dreamed in times long past
When gazing on that cheek so fair,
That death its rosy hue should waste,
And cold destruction riot there,
How deeply anguish would have spread
Its pallid mantle o'er my brow—
How freely would this heart have bled,
Whose drops of bliss are frozen now!
Yet, Cora, still my soul shall spring
For aye unalterably thine;
Nor e'er renew its offering
Before another idol's shrine—
Entombed with thee still be that love,
Which unto thee in life was given—
Still may its fond remembrance prove
My charm on earth—my hope of heaven!
FLORIO.

THE GYPSY'S PROPHECY.

Lady, throw back thy raven hair,
Lay thy white brow in the moonlight bare,
I will look on the stars, and look on thee,
And read the page of thy destiny.
Little thanks shall I have for my tale,—
Even in youth thy cheek will be pale;
By thy side is a red rose tree,—
One lone rose droops withered, so thou wilt be.

Round thy neck is a ruby chain,
One of the rubies is broken in twain;
Throw on the ground each shattered part,
Broken and lost, they will be like thy heart.
Mark yon star,—it shone at thy birth;
Look again,—it has fallen to earth,
Its glory has pass'd like a thought away,—
So, or yet sooner, wilt thou decay.

O'er yon fountain's silver fall
Is a moonlight rainbow's coronal;
Its hues of light will melt in tears,—
Well may they image thy future years.

I may not read in thy hazel eyes,
For the long dark lash that over them lies;
So in my art I can but see
One shadow of night on thy destiny.

I can give thee but dark revealings
Of passionate hopes and wasted feelings,
Of love that past like the lava wave,
Of a broken heart and an early grave.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

From the German.

Beside a fountain's border,
Where wanton zephyrs rove,
A nymph in sweet disorder,
Now sleeps in yonder grove.

If thus her beauties charm me,
All sleeping as she lies,
What ills, alas, shall harm me,
When once she opens her eyes!

On her white arms reposing,
Reclines her lovely cheek,
Far sweeter tints disclosing,
Than May's sweet morning deck.

What tender fears alarm me,
What tender hopes arise!
Alas, what ills shall harm me,
When once she opens her eyes.

And fain would I discover
What pains my breast invade;
But, ah, too timid lover!
My lips refuse their aid.

May love with boldness arm me,
And check desponding sighs;
Or, ah! what ills shall harm me,
When once she opens her eyes!

THE HUSSAR'S ADIEU.

"Ah tell me, can Frederic prove a deceiver,
And break all the vows he so often has sworn?
Ah, say, can he look at his Laura, and leave her
The girl that he loves can he leave her to mourn?"

"Ah, can she reproach me, while kneeling before her?
My country demands me, her call I obey:
'Tis glory that summons, and trust me, my Laura,
'Tis that, and that only, should force me away."

"Oh, Frederic, I see thee by dangers surrounded,
Still pining for glory, still braving the foe:
I see thee, oh horror! pale, senseless, and wounded,
Thy hopes and thy valour for ever laid low."

"Why shouldst thou, dear girl, thus anticipate sorrow?
The ills we can't shun, we'll with fortitude meet:
Perhaps I may fall in the charge of to-morrow,
Perhaps bring my laurels to lay at your feet."

"Oh perish the laurels such dangers must gather,
Besprinkled with blood, with the blood of the brave:
Round the brows of ambition, ah! soon may they wither,
And droop their fall'n leaves o'er the wide-open grave."

"But hark: the drum beats, and my brave comrades
Call me,
My heart's best beloved, my sweet Laura, adieu!
Should victory crown, or misfortune befall me,
This fond faithful heart will beat only for you."

"Farewell, and reflect, though to caution a stranger,
That prudence must conquer, though courage may shine;
And thick, when thy rashness enhances the danger,
The life of thy Laura depends upon thine."

THOUGHTS.

"At midnight, love, I'll think of thee,
At midnight, love, oh! think of me!"

'Twas night, when my thoughts, in a faulstful
With merriment did conspire; [mood,
I fancied myself a large watery cloud,
My love a blasing fire;
How eagerly, then, I sipp'd her sweet breath,
Which in smoky columns rose;
And quickly I plaited a dewy wreath,
Which ecstasy did compose,

Ah me! 'twas a work of delight;
O'er many a star,
We travell'd afar, [night,
And sprinkled with love-drops each lamp of the

I thought that my love was a plumb-tree sweet,
Whose clusters allur'd each eye,
While I, as a big blue-fly did eat
Its fruit most rapturously;
Full many an hour I gorg'd on its bloom,
Till a bird, who spied my repast,
Darted full on the fruit, and, fatal doom!
In its beak secur'd both fast:
But oh! 'twas a fate of much bliss,
For my love I liv'd,
And though she surviv'd,
Yet in death her sweetness was left me to kiss.

At last I thought that my love did advance,
As a golden sun-beam light;
And I, as an atom, did merrily dance,
And revell'd in splendour bright:
On speedy wing I rang'd all its space,
Exhaling its genial heat;
With airy bound I lengthen'd the race,
Till Sol sought his western seat:
Oh then, as his bright rays withdrew,
I plung'd in the stream
Of my love's fair beam,
And, like meteors, to ether we speedily flew.

THE MARINER.

The mariner sleeps in his billow-rock'd couch,
Unconscious of danger that hovers around,
The cry of the sea-bird is lost in the gale,
He hears the hoarse breakers and starts at the sound.

He starts at the sound and awakes but in time,
To see by the lightning's broad glare
His bark borne away to the breakers and rocks,
When falling he utters a cry of despair.

The sun rises calmly, the morning's serene,
But where has the bark and the mariner sped?
The wreck of the former is strewn on the shore,
The mariner sleeps the deep sleep of the dead.

A MOTHER'S PRIDE.

As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word,
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard;
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear, for ever on his tongue,)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And cheek to cheek, her lulling song he sings,
How blest'd to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart:
Watch o'er his slumbers, like a brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love.

ENIGMAS.

"And just! the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles &c. in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because he makes good habits.

PUZZLE II.—Because it is ready to strike one.

Answer to Riddle.

The word NEWS.

Answer to Charade.

Oh wo-man, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable, as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is intending to pay one's debts like paying them?

II.

What word is there of two syllables, which read backwards and forwards the same?

A translation, of the following whimsical Love Song, attributed to the Dean of St. Patrick, is requested.

Apud in is almi de si re,
Mimis tres i ne Verre qui re,
Alo veri findit a geste is,
La miser i ne ver at reste is.

A COMPLETE AMERICAN
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

- After Christ.
- 1492 America discovered by Christopher Columbus, October 11.
- 1494 St. Eustatia discovered by Columbus.
- 1497 Florida discovered by Sebastian Cabot.
- South America discovered by Americus Vesputius.
- 1499 North America discovered by Cabot.
- 1500 Brazil discovered by Penson.
- 1509 The island of Jamaica settled by Spain.
- 1513 A number of Dominican Friars arrive in Hispaniola to preach the gospel to the Indians.
- 1515 Paraguay, or La Plata, discovered by the Spaniards, and settled by them in 1535.
- 1518 Magellan discovers the straits, now known by his name.
- 1533 Pizarro, with an army of 160 men, subdues the whole country of Peru.
- 1549 Brazil settled by the Portuguese.
- 1582 New style introduced by pope Gregory.
- 1584 Virginia discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh.
- 1602 New England discovered by Captain Gosnold.
- 1608 Hudson river and the adjacent territory discovered by Henry Hudson, who sells his claim to the Dutch.
- Canada settled by the French.
- 1609 The old charter of Virginia abrogated.
- 1610 Newfoundland settled.
- 1614 The first settlement of New-Jersey begun by the Dutch, afterwards (1627) a number of Swedes and Fins take possession.
- 1616 The first permanent establishment of Virginia.
- 1620 The Puritans arrive at Plymouth (Mass.), December 22.
- 1622 Nova Scotia settled by the Scotch.
- Carolina first settled by the English from Virginia.
- 1623 New Hampshire settled.
- 1627 Delaware begun to be settled by the Swedes and Fins.
- 1630 Boston (Mass.) first founded.
- 1632 Maryland granted by charter to Lord Baltimore, and the settlement commenced 1635.
- 1635 Rhode Island first begun to be settled.
- Dreadful storm in New England, by which many houses were overturned, the trees and crops prostrated, and the tide rose to a perpendicular height of 20 feet, August 15.
- 1639 Harvard college (Mass.) founded, September 29.
- 1642 Printing first set up at Cambridge (Mass.).
- 1644 Great massacre by the Indians in Virginia.
- 1647 A very mortal epidemical sickness prevails in New England.
- 1649 An association against wearing long hair, entered into by the governor and council of Massachusetts.
- 1664 South Carolina granted to Lord Clarendon by patent.
- The New Netherlands surrendered by the Dutch to the English, who change the name to New-York.
- 1671 Charleston (S. C.) founded.
- 1679 New Hampshire erected into a separate government.
- 1680 William Penn obtains a charter for Pennsylvania, March 4.
- 1683 Philadelphia began to be built.
- 1705 Benjamin Franklin born, January 17.
- 1706 The French invade Carolina, but are repulsed with great loss.
- 1709 North Carolina began to be settled by a number of indigent Palatinates.
- 1710 Post office first established in America by act of Parliament.
- The first German emigrants to America, arrive and land at New-York, June 10.
- 1718 William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania dies.
- 1732 Georgia settled.
- George Washington born, February 22.
- 1733 The first Lodge of Free Masons, opened in America, at Boston July 30.
- 1745 Indigo discovered in South Carolina.
- 1750 The British Parliament passed an act, prohibiting any spinning mill or forge, or any iron works in America.
- 1752 The old style ceased, September 18.
- 1754 Braddock defeated, July 9.
- A congress meets at Albany, when Dr. Franklin proposes a plan for a union of all the colonies.
- Great earthquakes in New England.
- 1756 War between France and England.
- 1757 Identity of electric fire and lightning discovered by Dr. Franklin, and metallic conductors invented.
- 1758 Fort Du Quesne taken by the English, February 28.
- The French defeated on the plains of Abraham by General Wolfe, and Quebec taken, September 13.

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